11659 aaa 86

TWO POEMS.

VIZ.

The *RETREAT*,

AND

The *ASPIRATION*.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM
APR

THE RETREAT.

FULL Twenty Years Expet'ence I have [had,
Searching to ſeparate the Good from [Bad,
The Wiſe from Fools, the Sober from the Mad.

I have obſerv'd Mankind in each Degree,
From drudging Slaves to Haughty Majeſty;
Their Bus'neſs, Pleaſures, and Formality.

I've ſeen the utmoſt Reach of Wealth and Pride;
Some few Ambitious Men the World divide,

Of Rich and Luſcious Delicates poſſeſt,
Feaſting upon the Labours of the reſt.
I've ſeen how far Wit, Art or Power can
Extend towards the Happineſs of Man:
How Pageantry for Real Good we prize;
And Flattery our Fancies tantalize.
I've known the Charms of Love; its am'rous Leagues,
Its eager Paſſions, and its cloſe Intrigues;
Its nice, and delicate, and wanton Care,
To dreſs, and guard, and coyly to enſnare.
And above all, I've had a Noble Friend,
The Chiefeſt Good this World can comprehend:
And ſuch a Friend, as when I ſet Her forth,
I'm loſt in Admiration of Her Worth!

YET what a Catalogue of Vanity,
Does this Large Scene of Knowledge ſeem to Me?
The Buſ'neſs of the World Mankind amuſes,
With falſe Advantages our Hopes abuſes:
For after all our Induſtry and Pains,
We find an empty Purchaſe in our Gains:

Our

Our Pleaſures too are of ſo ſhort a Kind,
And leave ſuch an ill-ſavour'd Taſte behind ;
That they ſo far from ſweet Reflexions are,
We heartily could wiſh they never were.
What ſhall I ſay of mere Formality,
That Dainty Piece of State, and Foppery ?
Where downright Worth and Virtue will not paſs,
Unleſs it turn a Faſhionable Aſs.
Yet 'tis but fit that Wealth and Pride ſhould be
Attended with ſuch Worſhippers as He :
For theſe are but intoxicating Show ;
The more of them, leſs of Our Selves we know.
Nor let the Wit or Art of Man pretend,
That Happineſs does Human Pow'r attend ;
For Power is to ev'ry Vice a Prize,
But can't the Owner make more good or wiſe :
And witty Men who are with Power bleſt,
Rarely purſue their Real Intereſt.
Nor can the Lovers Senſual Delight
Challenge to Happineſs a better Right ;

'Tis but the burning Fever of Deſire ;
Which ſoon deſtroys us, when 'tis ſet on fire.
But does not Friendſhip make a proper Claim
To Happineſs, (tho' in another Name)?
No---There's a Bar in Friendſhip here below :
Some Steps we make ; but muſt not farther go.
Some Intimacies, or Endearing Words,
Or Gen'rous Actions, Friendſhip here affords.
But when I would be raviſh'd with the Senſe
Of Friendſhip, in its higheſt Excellence ;
Tranſported with a kind of Property
To all thoſe Graces in my Friend I ſee ;
Then either long Acquaintance cools the Zeal
And Admiration, which I once did feel ;
Or elſe ſome common worldly Accident
Our Deareſt Converſation does prevent,
And ſcatters us, our Abſence to lament.
Or, what is worſt of all, which is my Fate,
The Bleſſing does exceed my preſent State :

Hea-

Heaven has ſnatch'd Her hence, to let me ſee,
Friendſhip is only there in high Degree.
'Tis only there, where our Capacities
A Laſting Love and Zeal will exerciſe:
Where thoſe Good Friends whom we have lov'd be-
[fore,
We ſhall for ever love them more and more.

WHAT then remains, but Sounding a *Retreat*
From all this Empty World calls Fine and Great?
When Happineſs is not here to be found,
'Tis fit we ſearch it on ſome other Ground:
And where that is, 'twill not be hard to know,
If we for Council will to *Wiſdom* go:
" For thus ſays he, who dwells in perfect Bliſs,
" My Throne within the Lofty Heaven is:
" And yet there is a Place on Earth, where I
" Deſcend with conſtant Bleſſings from on high;
" Where I the Graces of My Self impart;
" 'Tis to the Cottage of an humble Heart.

'Tis there where I now ſeek to find Retreat,
And quitting worldly Aims, my God to meet.
I ſee! I ſee where true Contentment dwells!
Where Poverty of Spirit moſt excels!
Where thro' a Senſe of my own Indigence,
Alſo convinc'd of Human Impotence;
I reſt on Him, and on his Bounty live,
Who what is Beſt for Me will always give.

THUS ſeeking a Retirement, I ſee
A Thoughtful and a Rural Life agree
To fill my Soul with Hopes of Heaven's Joys:
I muſt withdraw from Company and Noiſe.
The wicked World with Thunder God affrights;
In a *ſtill Voice* He comes, when He delights.
When He beholds a Soul to take its Leave
Of that Vain World, which did it once deceive;
And in ſome ſolitary Place to try
Its former Miſconceits to rectify;
Then God, in the ſoft Show'rs of tender Love,
Drops down ſuch Comforts on him from Above,

As

As raviſhes his Heart to taſte and ſee
The Beauty that there is in Piety.
How Excellent and Perfect are its Laws!
Which our Obedience charms, as well as awes;
And makes us ſenſible Religion is
Our preſent Joy, as well as future Bliſs:
How Sin, and worldly Pleaſures in Exceſs,
Seldom eſcape preſent Uneaſineſs,
Beſide their future Pain and Wretchedneſs.
How Human Miſery does moſt ariſe
From hind'ring Reaſon its due Exerciſe;
In not allowing Time, to think and try
What Pleaſures in Divine Reflexions lye.
Whether the Soul hath not ſome Purer Joy
Above thoſe brutal ones, which ſting and cloy.
Thus if within my ſelf I will retire,
And ſhow but a ſincere, tho' weak Deſire,
To taſte thoſe Cordial Drops of Love Divine,
Which are by Right of Richeſt Purchaſe mine;

Then will the Sacred Spirit guide my Thought,
Till ſuch Angelick Pleaſures I am taught,
That my Delight will be my whole Employ,
And the ſame Thing to Act and to Enjoy.

HASTE then, my Soul, to Happineſs and Reſt;
Of this mad wrongful World thy ſelf diveſt;
Retire to thy little cleanly Cell,
Where no ſuperfluous Enticements dwell;
(What's only needful, keeps the Body well:)
There exerciſe thy Legal Right and Sway;
Let Reaſon Rule, and Fleſh and Senſe Obey:
Recover Force; and ev'ry Day increaſe:
There are *Strong Men*, as well as *Babes in Grace.*
Forget the weak Performances of Youth;
And reach at more Sublime and Perfect Truth.
Turn the wiſe Merchant: Sell thy Time, thy Care
And Pains, to purchaſe this moſt precious Ware.
For is it poſſible to think, that we
Should negligent of Endleſs Bleſſings be?

That

That Souls, which coſt the Blood of Chriſt, ſhould [ſeem
To us not worth our Value and Eſteem!
That when our whole Concern lies thus at Stake,
And God does Offers of Salvation make;
We ſhould all Methods for our Good forſake!
No ſure,--Since ſuch Vaſt Rewards, I ſee,
Are promis'd to my Honeſt Induſtry:
Since 'tis but *Ask and have*, but *Seek and find*;
Such wondrous Goodneſs ſo tranſports my Mind,
That I reſolve my Liberty to gain,
And beg and ſtrive, till Glory I obtain.
Yet like a Slave, amaz'd, I hide my Face;
And ſcarcely dare behold ſuch Mighty Grace.

O Thou *who hear'ſt in ſecret*, and art pleas'd
With humble *Prodigals* to be appeas'd;
Who, when by a long vicious Exerciſe
In Senſual and Coſtly Vanities,
We find our ſelves impov'riſh'd and undone,
And out of all thy Gifts and Talents run;

Yet

Yet even then if we will but return,
Come home to Thee, and all our Follies mourn ;
Thou graciouſly haſt promis'd to receive
Us, as our Father, and our Sins forgive.
" Behold a ſinful Wretch, laden with Guilt !
" A Penitent, for whom Chriſt's Blood was ſpilt !
" Weary of worldly Mirth and Pageantries,
" Nay, weary of his own Infirmities ;
" Withdrawn from all Deſires of Increaſe
" In any thing, but Charity and Peace ;
" Retir'd to his Cloſet, and his Home,
" And waiting for his more retired Tomb :
" Thus to his Father's Mercy flies ; and prays,
" That all the reſt of his remaining Days
" May be employ'd in Gratitude and Love,
" And Contemplation of the Joys Above.
" Wing'd with the Hopes of that moſt Glorious
[Sight,
" When Chriſt ſhall come with Triumph and De-
[light ;
" Lovely his Looks, and charming in his Dreſs,
" His Longing Spouſe to welcome and careſs.

" When

" When all the Court of Heaven I ſhall ſee,
" Cloath'd in Immortal Robes of Majeſty :
" When He ſhall call us forth to take our Places,
" On Thrones of ſhining Light, and perfect Graces :
" And that moſt Bleſſed Sentence we ſhall hear,
" *Well done, thou Servant of my Faith and Fear :*
" *Thou ſhalt for ever in my Joy appear !*

THE

THE

ASPIRATION.

WHY am I limited to Place;
A Soul ſhut up within a Caſe?
Why have I ſuch a ſoaring Mind;
And yet a Perſon ſo confin'd?
Why have I Senſe to Chuſe the Beſt;
And want the Means to be poſſeſt?
O that I Wings had like a Dove!
Then would I fly, and mount Above,
To my Redeemer, and my Love.
Then from My ſelf I'd fly away,
From this Diſhonourable Clay;

This

This Body, which ſo proudly we
Indulge with ſuch Cur'oſity.
Then I'd diſdainfully look down
Upon each Diadem and Crown;
And ſpurn at Power, Wealth, and all
The tranſient Glories of the Ball.
I plainly now perceive the Cheat:
The World, which once I thought ſo Great;
How Small it looks beneath my Feet!
Thoſe buſy Mortals now I ſee
Sporting in Filth and Miſery,
Who once look'd ſcornfully on Me.
See how they ſcramble, fight and dye,
To gain the Scraps that floating lie
Under this glitt'ring Canopy!
I ſee the Cauſe I took no Reſt,
My Spirit ſtruggling in my Breaſt,
'Twas hamper'd down, and wanted Vent,
Into its proper Element.
O how I feel this Boundleſs Place!
I am all Wing, and Life, and Space.

I now methinks could at a Stride
Step crofs the Globe, I thought fo wide.
Adieu, thou Shell of Vanity!
No more I'll caft an Eye to thee:
I now to Diftant Regions go;
Vaft Joys to taſte, Vaft Worlds to know.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 1753 APR